THE CENTRE OF VISION

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS NORMAL ART SCHOOL

A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENT IN ONE EVENING, OR ART DREAMING.

"The day was cold, and dark, and dreary." I was standing in the gallery, gazing at Michael Angelo's Last Judgment. I was thinking how "the paths of glory lead but to the grave," when I happened to turn my head and saw the Winged Victory of Apteros moving with stately step towards me down the corridor, sans mouth, sans eyes, sans head. I realized that I should be in school, doing my last charcoal "certificate," and yet why did they send Victory to remind me of shirked duties? But she smiled sweetly, which showed her friendly intent, and taking me by the hand, led me through Ghiberti's bronze gates and up into Giotto's Tower. From thence we ascended to the nave of Westminster Abby. Far above my head rose the majestic domes of St. Sophia, while the chimes in the northern tower played "Douce Maria." The Doric pillars rose in strange contrast to the painted vaulting of Ely Cathedral, which lined the domes. At the end of the nave I saw the beautiful rose window of Notre Dame, and at the sides each window was one of the panels of the Sistene ceiling. Behind the marble pulpit of Piza was Gerome's Muezzin, and above that rose as a sounding board, the Sistine Madona in a frame of Fra Angelico's angels and Raphael's cherubs. From the north trancept I was led into the Alhambra, and found the Pre-Raphaelite school in session. Some of the students were putting on the finishing touches in Meyer Von Bremen's most approved style, while others were listening to Gutzner read an amusing story, the while Sir Edwin Landseer was giving a lecture on the "Beautiful and its Relation to Art," to an advanced class of Landais Peasants. It

was then the Sixth Hour of the Night. As our time was very limited, we returned to the Abby, and walked through the southern trancept, which was full of statues from Milan Cathedral and Mummies from the Pyramids. From thence we passed into the Kitchen in the Monastery, where the Convent Cooper was holding the attention of a plump little abbot and two men from the forge. We passed on then, down a pair of worn, dark steps into the dingy wine cellar, where there set such a jolly monk, taking his breakfast, served a la Grutzner. A secret door opened, and I found myself in the Vatican. My guide showed me the plan for a tomb of 1814, which the architect of the St. Botolph Street Arena had drawn up. Victory told me that the Emperor Constantine would soon have it erected on the present site of the Parthenon. I was next led into a large room where I heard the sweet strains of the "Fascinating Widow" and saw the Apollo Belvidere in a dress suit, dancing with Venus, who wore an evening gown of Florentine lace, trimmed with jewels from the shrine of Thomas a Becket. Michael Angelo's Day and Night and Twilight and Dawn were waltzing together, as were Donatello's St. George and St. Cecilia, while for once the affectionate little Princes were separated. One was dancing with Titian's Bella, while his brother was essaying a barn dance with Correggio's Diana, to the great entertainment of those watching the ball. It was a very gay and beautiful sight. My guide informed me that these receptions were held every Monday night, in the Galilee Chapel, and that only those belonging to the Seven Hundred were allowed to be present. We passed into the state dining room at Versailles, where cathedrals and statues of ice cream greeted my eyes. There were myriads of little long tables arranged in this room, with narrow aisles, winding in and out among them. A mel-

low stained light permeated the room, coming through the high, antique windows. When we had threaded the labyrinthine passages between the stools and tables, we arrived at a long counter. I was thinking how natural it smelled, when the Couriers of the Pasha hurried up and touched my arm. It was one-fifty-five, they said, and we must hurry. Victory explained that if we did not hasten away the entire company would be obliged to receive some Valuable Information in a place called the Office. Then my guide faded from my sight. In a moment the deep tones of a great, bronze bell cleft the stillness; the company dispersed, and I was left to see that the lights were all out promptly.

BARBARA A. WATT.

EDITORIAL.

At this exact moment the Center of Vision owes nothing to no man and has approximately $15 in its treasury. This is not as auspicious as it sounds.

Every month's issue of this paper costs in the neighborhood of $35. We *could* have printed a number in May, and using the aforesaid $15 and what we would collect from advertisers, have paid for it, and then gone absolutely dead broke, and there would have been no June number.

Instead the "clique" has cheerfully effaced itself, and, as a result, you have the *people's* number, or a paper "published by the students of the normal art school." How do you like it? It's just overflowing with enthusiasm, isn't it? And so representative of a thriving normal art school, that has to turn from thirty to fifty people away each year; isn't it? Aside from the story in this issue there have been three other contributions this year, one poem, one story, and one lone joke. There are 350 members of the school.

We have begged and pleaded—at last in desperation we went to Mr. Bartlett and he gave us our choice—"Run it to suit yourselves," he said, "or else drop it. It is useless talking to the school about it. They don't want it—if they did they would show some enthusiasm.

And so now, it is up to you—to pay what you owe, give us something to print, and uphold the school paper—make it truly "a paper published by the *students* of the Mass. Normal Art School.

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